97-84153-15

Burton, Henry Bindon

Der Kaiser von Potsdam

Dublin

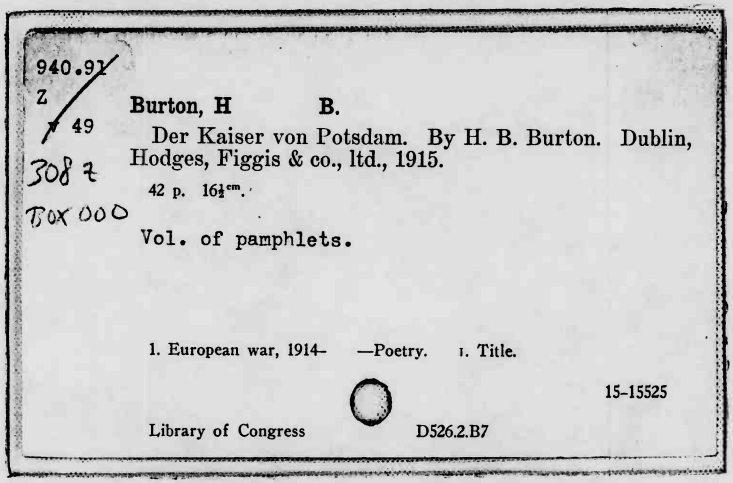
1915

97-84153-15
MASTER NEGATIVE #

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
PRESERVATION DIVISION

BIBLIOGRAPHIC MICROFORM TARGET

ORIGINAL MATERIAL AS FILMED - EXISTING BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD



940.91
Z
49
308 t
Box 000

Burton, H B.
Der Kaiser von Potsdam. By H. B. Burton. Dublin, Hodges, Figgis & co., ltd., 1915.
42 p. 16½cm.
Vol. of pamphlets.

1. European war, 1914– —Poetry. I. Title.

15-15525

Library of Congress D526.2.B7

RESTRICTIONS ON USE: *Reproductions may not be made without permission from Columbia University Libraries.*

TECHNICAL MICROFORM DATA

FILM SIZE: 35mm REDUCTION RATIO: 9:1 IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA (IIA) IB IIB

DATE FILMED: 8-5-97 INITIALS: RB

TRACKING # : 26361

FILMED BY PRESERVATION RESOURCES, BETHLEHEM, PA.

4

Der Kaiser Von Potsdam

BY

H. B. Burton.

Der Kaiser Von Potsdam.

BY

H. B. Burton.

DUBLIN:
HODGES, FIGGIS, & CO., LTD.,
GRAFTON STREET.
1915.

DER KAISER VON POTSDAM.

PART I.

I

ARISE! Loud sound the Bugle and the Drum:
The DAY—My Day of Destiny has come.
But how shall I arise to Combat, when
My Head is spinning like a Tee-to-tum?

II

Way! for the Tearing of my Juggernaut:
Crashing It comes with Death and Carnage fraught;
Over the human Masses how it bumps!
Alas! what other way can Man be taught?

III

Indeed, indeed, a long while I've been tardy
In bracing Nerve and making Conscience hardy:
My Potency I knew, but not my Mission,
Until I read the Treatise by Bernhardi.

IV

My Right Hand mailed is good for Gaul or Russ;
To raise it would be sure to cause a Fuss:
I long restrained it—It was German-made—
But Ah! my Left—'twas England made it thus.

V

For Years—long Years—a Voice has cried "On! on,
Thy Country must have Place within the Sun;
Thy Borders will not hold thy teeming Horde:
On! on! and conquer, lest Thou be undone."

VI

I gave full Heed to that insistent Voice:
It shouted like a mighty Trumpet's Noise—
An awful Mandate from High Himmel's Throne,
And not obey it? I was left no Choice.

VII

This Serbia serves our Turn—'Twas mere Pretence
To say her Chance-shot gave me high Offence:
What cared I for the Archduke or his Spouse?
And yet, to Me the Difference is immense.

VIII

Was he not waiting for the Austrian Throne?
At any Moment it might be his Own—
Then it was Fate! I calmed the Hapsburg Soul,
And made it clear the Serbian must atone.

IX

And so his Hand with mine must help to win:
His Dual-Kingdom shall the Fight begin;
Pour its huge Forces on the Russian Horde,
While I from East to West raise Battle's Din.

X

How He has aged! He has not long to stay—
His Strength gives out and almost ebbs away—
The Hapsburg Empire hastes in Mine to merge,
Till then its Troops must hurry on the Fray.

XI

Hail to Mohámud! He shall be my Mate:
Am I not Heir to Constantine the Great?
The Shrine of St. Sophia lures me on,
Her Golden Doors stand open—It is Fate!

XII

Pledge me thy Sword, Oh Mahomet the Blest!
Thou useful Tool to work out my Behest.
See the pale Crescent and the Cross unite!
Oh! looks not well the Cross on Moslem Breast?

XIII

And so the Porte-Sublime throws in her Lot—
My glowing Sun should make the Crescent hot:
Yet, when the Glory and the Spoil are won,
What care I if the Crescent goes to Pot?

XIV

Mamúd must conquer Egypt and the Ind:
Blast the proud Empire with his hurtling Wind,
Till England's Power is perished in the Dust
And cries "Peccavi—I have sinned, have sinned."

XV

O'er Afric I have blown my blighting Breath :
Hear what the Boer to British Settler saith—
"No Peace between us, 'Eye for Eye' in sooth"—
So spreads my Sway, for both are doomed to Death.

XVI

Has England then so prodigal a Purse
That she escape the Clutches of my Curse ?
Let her not reckon on her vaunted Might—
Already I behold her pluméd Hearse.

XVII

Thou "Isle of Saints"! Who was it shaped that Skit ?
Was it their Swift or some such mocking Wit ?
I often heard it said "Beware the Celt :
He jibs although held in with Curb and Bit."

XVIII

I have Experience had of Polish Breed ;
What then of more Experience have I need ?
Can I to England show a deadlier Hate
Than leave the Celt to lash her with his Creed ?

XIX

And Thou Italia ! thou fatal Land,
If one lean on thy Staff, 'twill pierce his Hand.
Thy Help to us in our Affairs of State
When put to Test was as the shifting Sand.

XX

Thou hast to fear the Vengeance of Vienna ;
Her Fire 's already lit for thy Gehenna.
Thy Falseness to us will not be atoned,
Though Dante's Wraith hurls Curses from Ravenna.

XXI

Nippon! Thou Land of hidden Mines of Craft
Hast Thou indeed at all my Cunning laughed,
And wrested Lands I planted? Know at least
For Thee my Quiver still contains a Shaft.

XXII

Norwegia with the gentle Dane and Swiss
Await the Seal of our Connubial Bliss—
Awhile the Netherlands (now Flander's hit)
Coquettishly evade the Teuton Kiss.

PART II.

XXIII

Hail! to my Army—To my Zepp'lins hail!
The Lands they visit will their Widows wail.
My shrewd Submergers on their Way are sped,
And hence returning tell they not their Tale?

XXIV

What boots it that my Fleet is stayed at Keil
While England's Warships daily round us steal?
A Dash for Dover! Oh, the belching Gun!
But yet, not yet, the Blow we mean to deal.

XXV

I vowed the Realm of Belgium to fend
From all Attacks of Enemy or Friend—
But then this Reservation I did form—
What if this Treaty should not serve the End?

XXVI

Yes, truly Treaties are but mere Pretences
To lull and stupefy the mental Senses—
A solemn Oath, once pledged should ever stand—
But—Oh the moral Code of Exigences!

XXVII

I've read somewhere in philosophic Lore—
(The more I thought, I pondered it the more)—
"The End one strives for justifies the Means."
And so to Pieces I the Treaty tore.

XXVIII

Why should a Treaty—a mere Scrap of Paper—
Give one the Pip and make the Conscience caper?
The Ink upon it is wiped out in Blood.
It came like Force, and vanished in a Vapour.

XXIX

When through Fair Belge's Plains we made our Speed,
We did what went against the Neutrals' Creed—
How could We spare her when She stemmed our Way?
What did She there, when Haste had all our need?

XXX

Oh! for her Power thus far to check our Plans.
And keep us tide-bound in the War-wind's Fans:
She came a Plague-spot on our omened Day—
Oh! for the Curse to blast her worse than Man's.

XXXI

Her Land shall be o'errun with Flame and Sword,
Her Temples burned—Her Sacred Art—adored
By vanished Ages—We shall take as Spoil.
Will it not beautify our Gretchen's hoard?

XXXII

I am the Superman, the one Strong Willer,
Rousing from Drink the Wine- and Lager-Swiller
To flesh his Sword in all that blocks our Way,
Though he takes Rank as Babe-and-Woman-killer.

XXXIII

The Blood of Women helps to spread Dismay;
Their mangled Infants mark the Cannon's play;
My Berlin is consoled, She hears the Cry:
"Butchered to make a Teuton Holiday."

PART III.

XXXIV

Oh! "Deutschland uber Alles" burned my Brain;
O'er Land and Sea and Air—one vast Domain.
The Teuton Culture and the Teuton Might
Were never destined to be made in vain.

XXXV

The Law of Right is Might—It must prevail,
Though through its Force the Feeble shrink and quail.
The Stern Stuff we are made of has its call,
The Weak must perish in the Warring Gale.

XXXVI

'Tis Nature's just, inexorable Law
To sweep aside the feeble Wisps of Straw;
A merciless Cruelty is often kind—
In Nature's Mandate there can be no Flaw.

XXXVII

Decadent Nations must go to the Wall
To leave free Action for our Country's Call;
My Deutschland, mine, immured, cannot expand
Without the now existent Empires' fall.

XXXVIII

Uproot the Weeds, why cumber they the Soil?
None must survive, save those who till and toil;
The Weak retard the progress of our Race,
Out with the Wrecks and those too weak to moil.

XXXIX

We Millers of the Strife must take our Multure
To help to propagate Teutonic Culture;
Cities and Towns must pay the Toll assessed,
Or else beware the Instincts of the Vulture.

XL

I am the Spirit of "The new Creation"—
Of brutal Force and Might "The Emanation,"
The One Dictator, whose dogmatic Sway
Sweeps "Faith" and "old Beliefs" to Desolation.

XLI

A long, long while I've worn a smiling Mask
When facing the Solution of my Task.
Pardon if I have taken any in;
Their Confidence in Me I did not ask.

XLII

I rattled more than once my hilted Blade;
Some Words I dropped of which too much was made;
A Wire inept across the Seas I sent,
Yet still the Nations' Faith in Peace was stayed.

XLIII

They heard my Vulcan Armourers at Work;
They knew my Fleet was ever on the Lurk;
That I was ready to apply the Match
To fire the Petard; but their Brains were murk.

PART IV.

XLIV

I loved Fair Women—Oh! the subtle Touch
Of small, white Hand—it makes one tremble much.
In Court and out of Court They hold their sway;
But now Ambition hurries us from such.

XLV

Ah! "Place aux Dames"—th' Eternal Feminine;
That happy Cult, half Human, half Divine;
Full oft I sought to read her cryptic Bent,
And only found its meaning over Wine.

XLVI

Oh! Burden-bearer of our Sons of War,
From whence the many bull-necked Warriors are;
The conquered She, who has but one desire
To recreate a greater Conqueror.

XLVII

And I came forth unfledged and round me stared,
And saw and learned how teeming Nature fared—
Till by Degrees I grew a Superman,
To do what none before Me ever dared.

XLVIII

She bore me, whom I wed, six Warlike Sons,
Worthy the Breed of Vandals, Goths, and Huns:
At least such is the Verdict of my House—
See how my Blood in my First-gotten runs!

XLIX

Shall He not then perpetuate my Name;
Shake endless Ages with its vengeful Flame:
Till Cæsar's Conquests won for ancient Rome
Pale sickly in the Sunlight of his Fame?

L

One Time, I own, I thought him a Pretence;
A Trifler and a mere Impertinence
Unworthy of the Hohenzollern Race—
But now my Judgment shows no Impotence.

LI

What matters it if He has blundered much,
And found himself with Generals out of touch?
His Love of Looting looks a Trifle wrong,
But are not Heroes often made of Such?

LII

And, after all, my Berlin is not mute;
Her Pride is flattered—"Is He not astute?
Our Men may suffer, and the Cause be lost—
But oh! the Rapture of the well-earned Loot."

LIII

For Years—now many—have I dreamed and thought
Of my great Ancestors who ruled and fought
And conquered Nations and increased the Land—
What Guerdon have I to my Deutschland brought?

LIV

"Go forth and conquer—Heaven-born Kaiser Thou—
Send forth thy Sons in other Lands to plough:
Spread thy rich Cult to fodder barren Soil;
And make the Nations to thy Glory bow."

LV

Was it for me this Mandate to refuse?
I had no Option left to pick or choose:
My Choice was made—Obedient to that Call
I rose a Demi-god with mighty Thews.

LVI

We Teutons are the Breed of big, blonde Brutes;
And through the Earth We Spread our strong gnarled Roots—
The Tree shoots up and spreads its Branches forth;
In time our Lips shall suck its luscious Fruits.

LVII

Some say I came on Earth to make a Hell;
And She who bore me could some strange Things tell—
What bodes it then if my past Life lies bare,
And certain Things I've done look not too well?

LVIII

"Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancy:
Thy Schooldays frightful, desperate, and free:
Thy Prime of Manhood, daring, treacherous, bold:
Thy Age confirmed, proud, stained with Infamy."

LIX

Was I not born to set the World on Fire,
To drag the Nations in my Country's Mire,
To win a loftier Empire than the Cross—
Shall aught then come to thwart my Soul's Desire?

PART V.

LX

I took deep Counsel with my Men of State:
We scheduled Schemes of overpowering Weight:
Throughout the Midnight Hours we planned and planned;
And all our Solvings shouted, "It is Fate."

LXI

The Empire of the Cross has had its Day;
"Peace and Goodwill" no longer bar the Way.
Up with the Banners of the God-like Thor!
Down with the puerile Images of Clay!

LXII

Is not the Christian moral Code effete ?
Germanic Ethics hasten its Retreat :
The Instincts of our Philistinic Creed
Raise their Red Banner over its Defeat.

LXIII

Is it a Time to lay our Arms aside
When comes the Onset of the rising Tide ?
Is it a Time the Spoils of War to yield
When We to Universal Conquest ride ?

LXIV

I graced my Stately Palace at Potsdam,
And on its Tower I placed my Oriflamme :
Boldly its Turrets glistened in the Sun,
To show what Sort of Architect I am.

LXV

Before my Home a Vision passed one Day,
And from it came a Form in Red Array ;
He placed a bubbling Cup within my Hand,
"Drink to its depths, Oh Monarch ! while you may."

LXVI

Was I in Dream ? I know when I awoke
I found within the Foldings of my Cloak
A scribbled Line on Paper—rendered thus—
"Here's to your Army, Kaiser ! Hoch ! Hoch !
Hoch !

LXVII

Scarce had I read when from a blasted Tree
I heard a Raven's Croak of Irony.
Was it some mirthless, miserable Joke
That this ill-omened Carrion forged for me ?

LXVIII

Oh! for the Empire that I mean to grow
From Coffers filled by others' overthrow;
To gain that End how must the Red Blood flow—
Hail to the Conqueror! To the Vanquished, Woe!

PART VI.

LXIX

One Summer Evening I was on the Spree,
Revolving Problems of my Destiny;
And through the gentle Fumes of Cigarette
I traced the winding Roadway to *Paris*.

LXX

My Grandsire not so many Years ago
Had made a Journey there in Pomp and Show:
Alsace-Lorraine with Sword he wooed and won,
And bade me follow—On then, Westward Ho!

LXXI

'Tis but a little Holiday Parade:
A Military Pageant, long delayed;
And after that à Londres, à Calais—
But, what if Fortune prove herself a Jade?

LXXII

Indeed, my Friends, I never care a Cent
What Means I use to work out my Intent:
My Ministers may think They give me Points—
But that, you know, is just pure Sentiment.

LXXIII

From Himmel Voices breathe into my Soul,
And Visions ever point me to the Goal.
The Way is wild and waste, and stained Blood-Red—
What matters if it burn like glowing Coal?

LXXIV

It was a Day, and I was still in France,
And Luck against me—I fell in a Trance;
And when I woke and found my Head again,
'Twas Potsdam's shining Palace met my Glance.

LXXV

I had been seeing Visions—who can say
What Shapes and Shadows met me on the Way?
A whirl of Voices bellowed through my Brain;
But what they uttered—matters it to say?

LXXVI

Till one strong Voice cried "On! Attila, on!
Thy Cuirass close, thy Shining Armour don:
Lay well about Thee with thy Mailéd Hand."
I rose, and lo! the loud-voiced Wraith was gone.

LXXVII

Yet still a Voice to my Soul's Quest replied,
"Nöel has come—This is the Christmas-tide:
Mercy and Truth are met—Justice and Peace
Each other kissed—The Prince aforth doth ride."

LXXVIII

And then another Voice took up the Cry,
"Why will you dally when the Sun is high?
"The Day will soon be run, work while there's Light—
"Up! Mount! away! or else thy Country die."

LXXIX

Give me my Horse, my Hohenzollern Shaft;
My glittering Helmet, wrought by Teuton Craft:
My Courage is at fault—Away! Away!
Lest I be one at whom the World has laughed.

LXXX

Hear me, Thou God of Battles! Lend me aid
That those who face my Fortunes shrink dismayed!
Hear, Thou, Oh Himmel!—"Deutschland over All!"
I rise! Now forth to conquer, Oh my Blade!

PART VII.

LXXXI

My Generals can strike—but so and so—
Von Kluck, Von Goltz, and other Vons I know:
But when I found Von Moltke braved my Son,
I took it ill, and so he had to go.

LXXXII

Monarchs admit among them no Compeers:
The Ship of State our Hand unaided steers.
We may affect to court their Counsel, but
Woe to the daring One who interferes.

LXXXIII

My Son, the Crown Prince, has his Bays to gain,
To help to weld his Power. It is then plain
He must have first Rank in the Game of War.
What if his Feats thus far have been in vain!

LXXXIV

My Army knows full well the Way to win:
Its Leaders in its ears these Tactics din—
"Troops are but Fodder for the Cannon's Mouth;
"A Soldier must not think to save his Skin."

LXXXV

Those Foremost Ranks with stodgy, brutal Skulls—
The Progeny of heavy-breasted Trulls—
Have but the bullish Instincts of the Chase:
Give them but Glory, and they gorge like Gulls.

LXXXVI

Oh, my brave Troops! what care They for their
Losses,
Though into Hell the Death-Bomb each one tosses?
"Hail to our Kaiser! Deutschland over All!"
Oh, the rare Magic of the Iron Crosses.

LXXXVII

Much Harmony does sweetest Music mar:
Discords and Concords its Handmaidens are;
This World would rot if swathed too long in
Peace—
Oh, for the bracing Tumult of the War!

LXXXVIII

And when our Cannon deal insistent Knocks;
And Sentiment receives some nasty Shocks
Through Babes and Women slaughtered—Why
this Fuss?
'Tis better so—Alas this Paradox!

LXXXIX

My Berlin must not let her Courage ooze:
She must not know the Battles that We lose;
I've got my Bureau, where inventive Brain
Can freely fabricate inspiring News.

XC

I needs must forge a 'Victory' to thrill
My Berlin's ebbing Pulse ere it be still:
"Von Hindenberg has smitten Russian Pride,
And her Allies bend down before our Will."

XCI

It was like Magic; Berlin gave a Shout,
And all the City like a Bride turned out;
Te Deums rang amid triumphant Strains—
"Oh, for the vanquished in the final Rout!"

XCII

Yet, "when this Armageddon's passed," say some,
"The Prince of Peace to reign on Earth will come."
Why then should any blame me for the War,
If it but hastens the Millennium?

XCIII

This Orb we call the Sun—Fierce Basilisk—
Calls me to enter its consuming Disk.
There's but one hotter place for One to tread—
Away with Phantom Fears! I take the Risk.

PART VIII.

XCIV

What Deeds did Visigoth by Alaric led,
Attila too, whose Goths made Rome their Bed?
Vandalic Hordes spread Ruin and Dismay
When Genseric to sack and burn was sped.

XCV

And has this Fatherland, which we call Ours,
Been silent, dreaming through the brooding Hours?
No! Witness Names and Minds supreme, immense,
That rise to cheer us now the Tempest lours.

XCVI

Hegel and Fichte, Treitscke, Scheffler, Stahl,
Nietzsche, Da. Strauss—How Gothic are they all!
Outside them is the doomed barbaric Breed
Made ready for the Net's impending Haul.

XCVII

Some say "Our too-much Learning makes us mad—
So mixed together all the Good and Bad":
For us there is the Intellectual Cult—
What then remains? There's nothing more to add.

XCVIII

Then came a Whisper—I was Fever-tossed—
"What of the Stakes, my Friend, if All be lost?
The Winner's sure to make the Loser pay—
Just think it out, and reckon up the Cost."

XCIX

I scarce know what! My Head begins to whirl;
Majestic Shapes around me Hisses hurl—
"Vanquished!" they cry, "Proud Kaiser, bow thy Head!
Thy Banner shalt Thou never more unfurl!"

C

How now, my Friends! Is this another Jena?
What mighty Figure looms in my Arena?
His Finger traces Writing on the Wall,
Those fatal Portents, "Elba," "St. Helena."

CI

The Russ now bounds, and clutches at our Heart;
While Gaul and Albion jointly do their part:
Our Life-blood is poured out, and all in vain—
Is it for this I learned the Teuton Art?

CII

Our Fleet is vanquished, with but scarce a Fight;
Our Colonies are lost, and all our Might
And Majesty of Arms involved in Wreck—
My DAY has come and gone—Put out the Light!

Printed by PONSONBY & GIBBS, University Press, Dublin.

MSH 26361

END OF
TITLE